Blackout Poetry

Using the words of others, to explore my inner spirit.

Kathryn Maloney

Kathryn Maloney, self-proclaimed Blackout Poet and Artist, has created many Blackout Poetry Journals for those looking to find their own creative spirit within th text of famous, and not so famous authors.

Make sure to look for all of her Blackout Poetry and Redacted books avaiable on Amazon.

A great thank you to all of the hard workers at the Internet Arhive! Without your gracious support (the public domain books I use) I would not be able to share my love for Blackout Poetry to everyone.

Thank you.

Print and share to your heart's desire, but please don't sell this book.

If you use this for a paid workshop or class, please consider donating to the Internet Archive.





a Giant Cut the Wires

all telephones were silent,

life would be paralyzed.

Imagine the confusion

to the highest

communication;

questioned.

elevators jammed;

towns

coast to coast,

nation-wide

pressed into service

physician with patient,

severed;

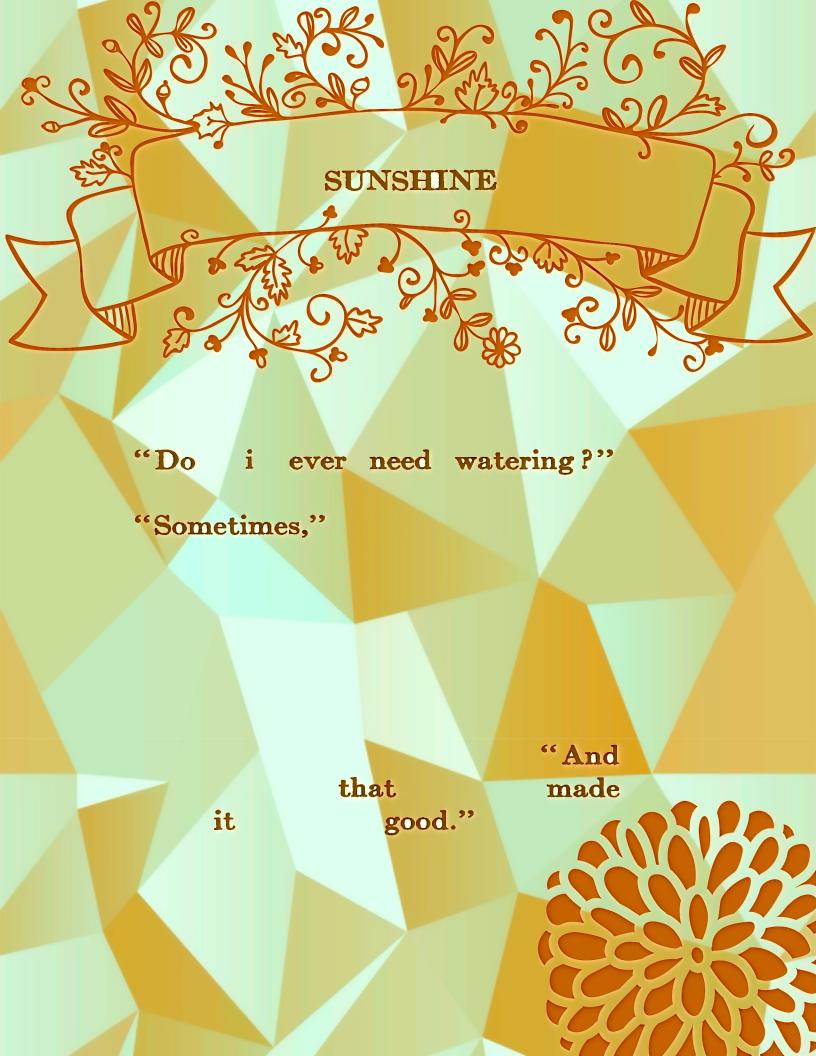
and yet

the housewife

the minutes and hours

ever-present

would be incalculable.



In order

to fill in

only happy Moments

and

they

choke him in the Centre he can see her Face.

Background: Deviant Art: AnOrderOfFishsticks

Poetry: KIMaloney

Apparitions and Witches.

spoken by some such things that knew nothing

forgotten after Years;

the Narrative

Famous Dr.

printed it,

told me he was his brother hath attested

my kinsman

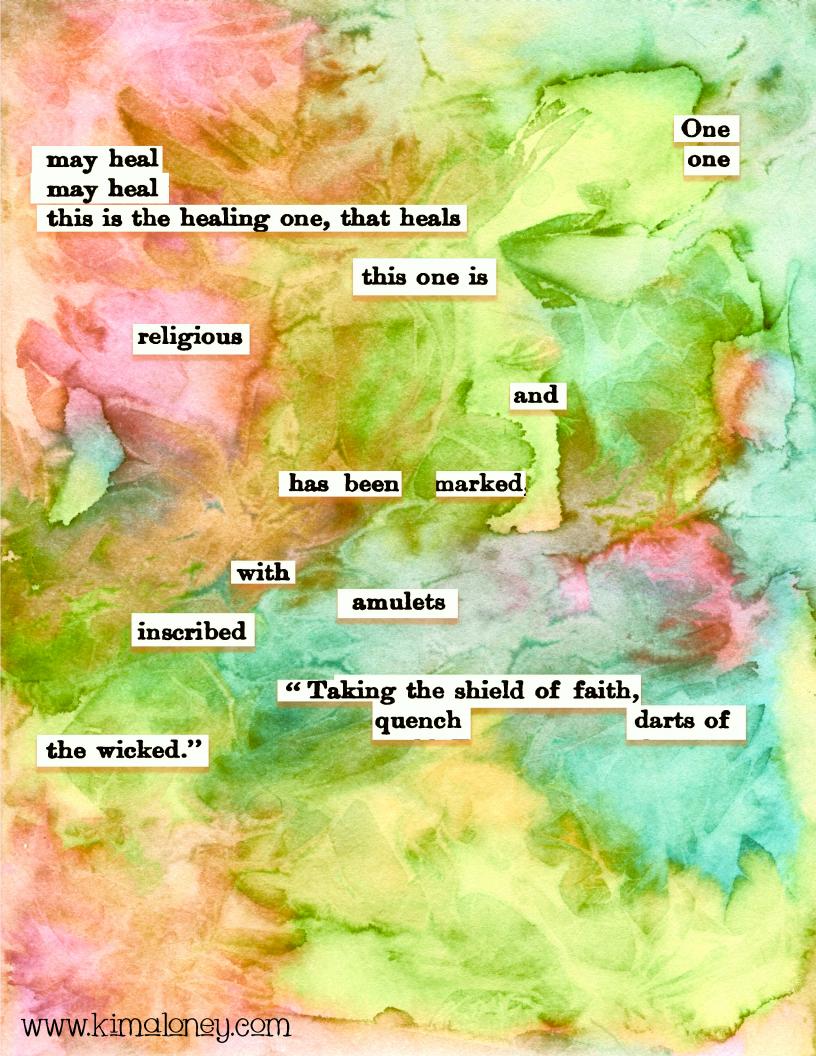
now Schoolmaster

Could it be counterfeit?

that in the city
questions
hearing a voice answerering
questions telling
far off

A Papist Officer whirled around on the ground distracted lay

All was written.



however,

a more accurate

liable
every one understands
our body may be affected
at intervals.

inflamed
healthy
insanity
may
disturb our health,

of the brain

morbid changes
temporary
derangements of the mind
temporary excitement,
disease of the brain.
once affected,
relapses
the morbid appearances
of an intermittent nature;
liable to exacerbations

phenomena
functions of the
insanity

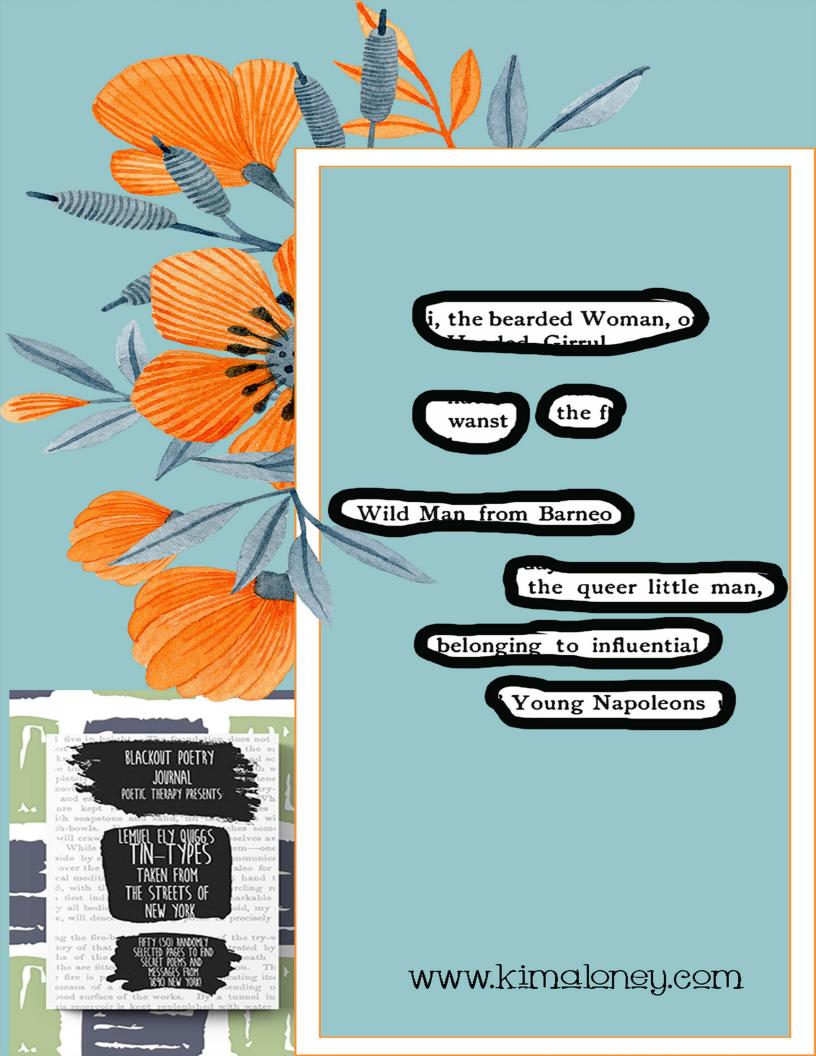
The answer is obvious,

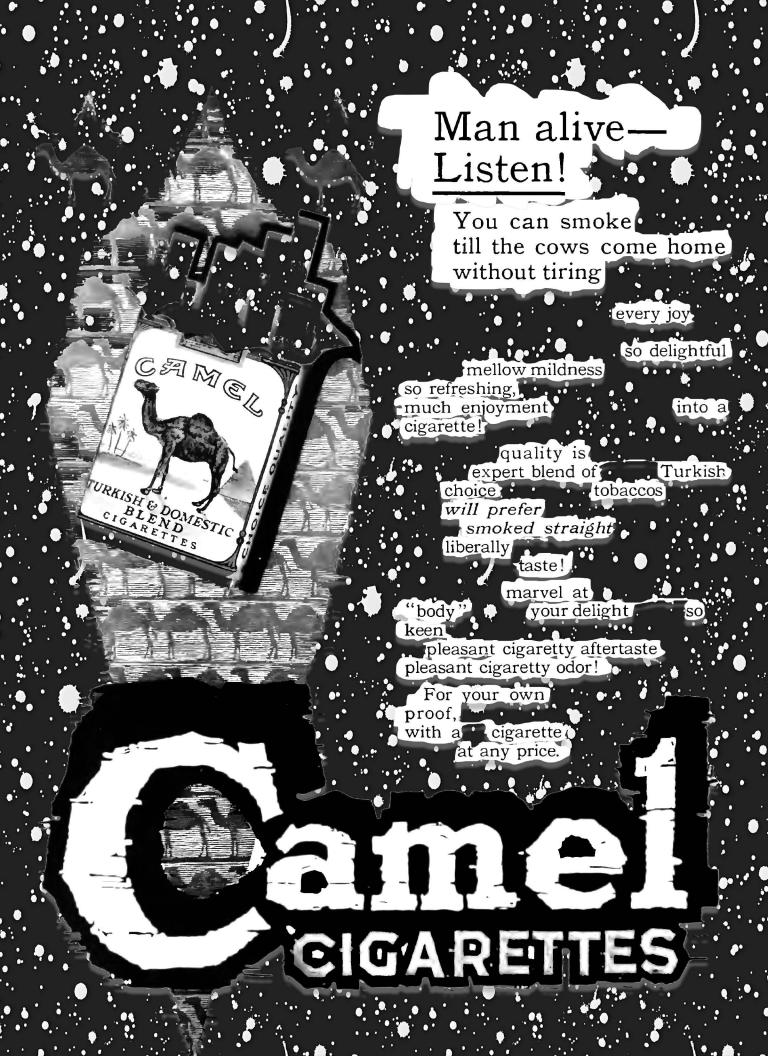
intermittence is the interval.
lucid intervals?

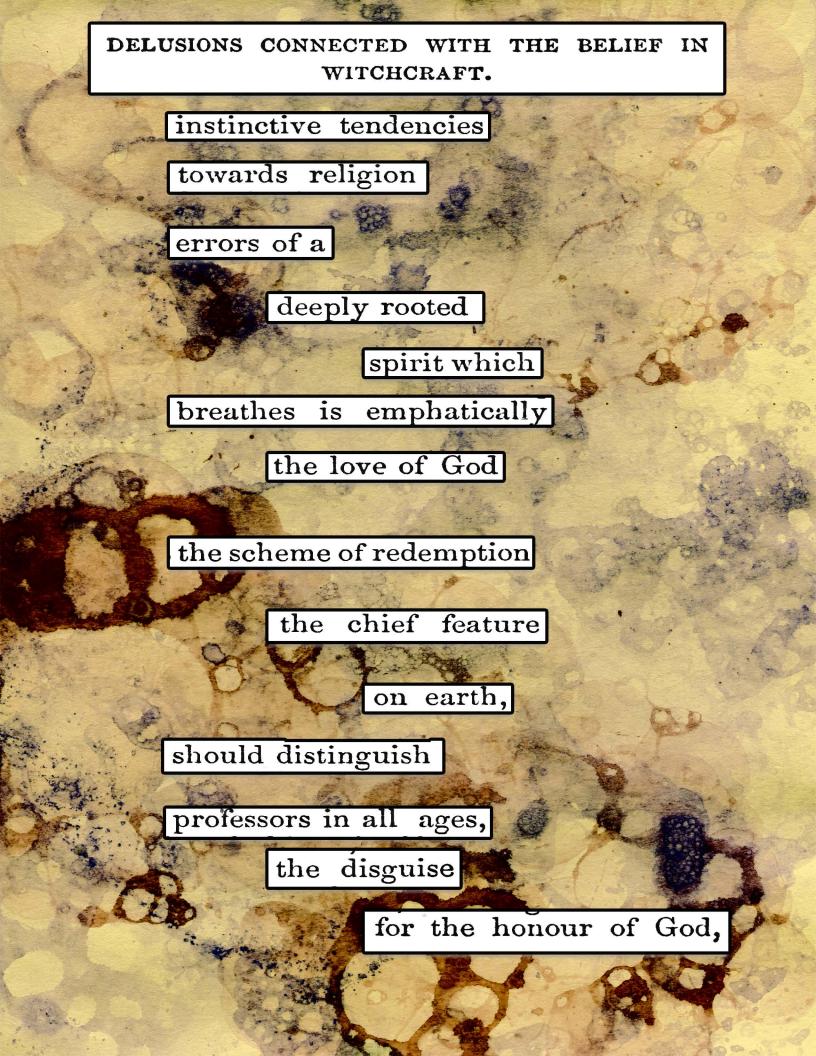
of
insanity,

her eyes swayed P Confie "I see," she whispered, Was a the More And The the blood bond wists brust snapped and with conversion of the vast and everlasting Source Contains that was the that heals. reached out and took heaven the the haunt was no need was Hours later, post the light atong two are twinkled out in the grasp of silence. Only a bright light burned a the min. of with the hunger of









to the head

the extreme degree attentive avoiding

Lam satisfied,

An acquiescence of conviction,

the cure of insanity

have been nugatory,

direct

to the head

cumstances cannot

in an direction,

absorption of cantharides

of energy and inaptitude of volition.

blister round the lower part of the neck,

beneficial

to animate

to disturb.

Dr.

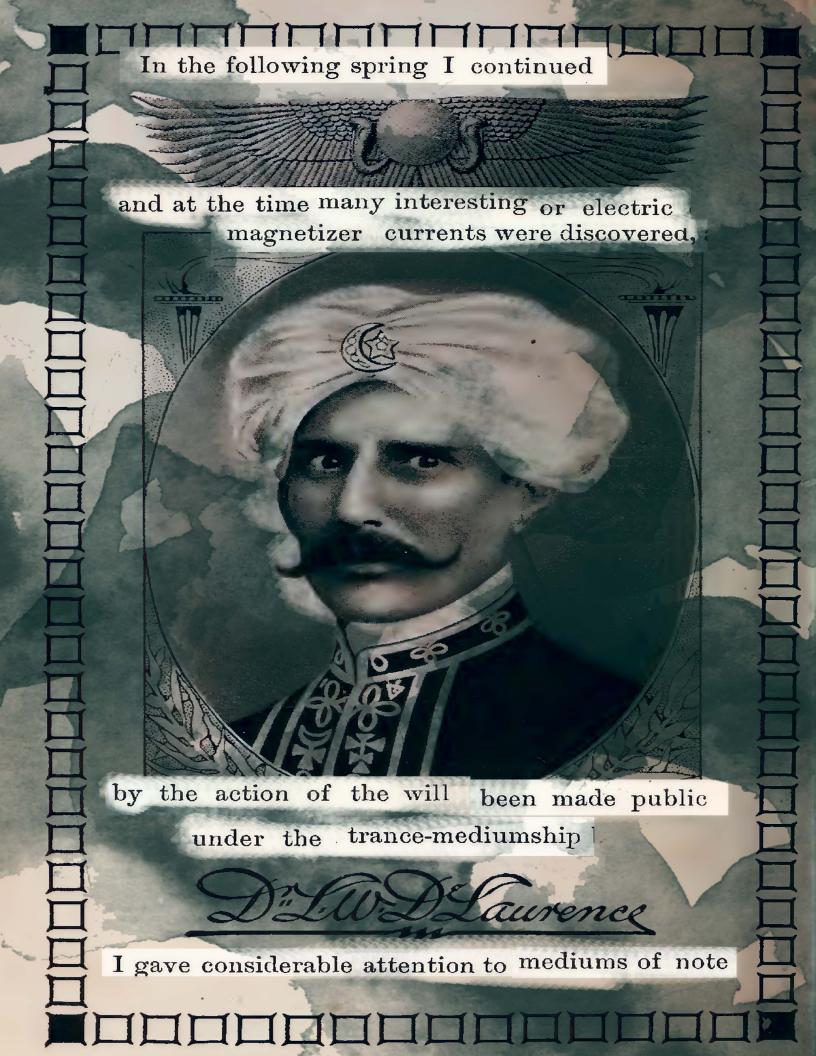
inconveniency

in maniacs,

sometimes attempt

over, it is

to prevail on maniacs



MYOUS TRAVELETS,

St. Martin's, the great bell of Bow, and many another, were just ringing the hour of noon when they left the

Town are on the day when Barnaby and his arry cause in the stir and bustle everywhere was charge to be a taring.

"Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub!"

ings own soldiers

And "Ding, dong, dell!"

And a crier the highest the highest than the highest the highest than the hight had the highest than the highest than the hight had the highest than the highest than th

drawn by white horses,

is no place to raise geese,

Larry W

indeed the was little use because

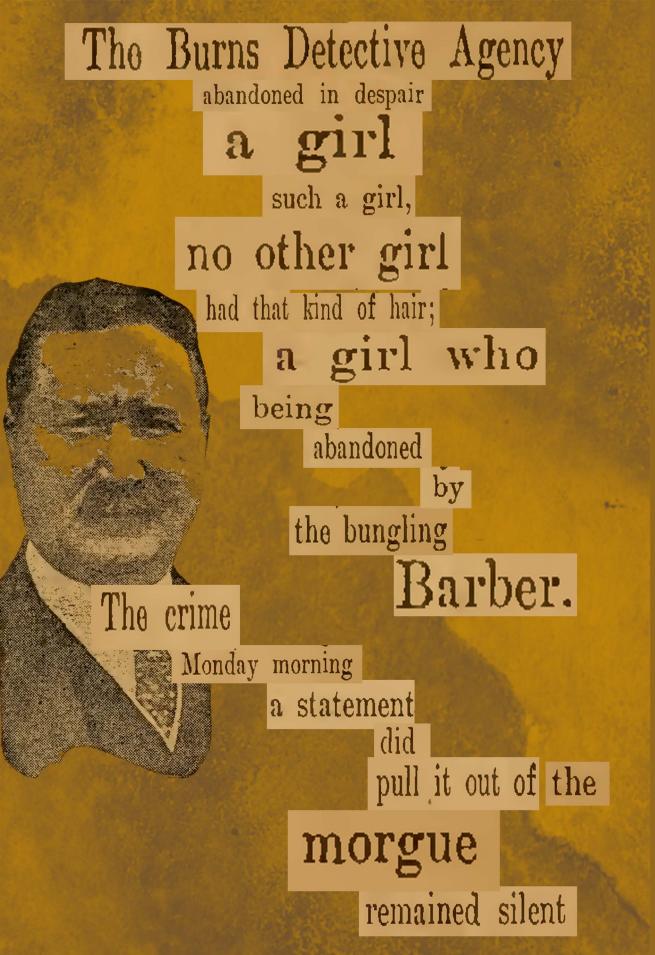
'tis ever a merry lot

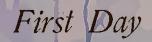
towe lad of the was out with high mod wints

with his with high good spirits,

The antique Medicine-Man heard of one who kept so close to last year's Magazines that the Night-Bell and some Old Lady. will ring your whole Evening Turn back before it is too late.

www.kimaloney.com





the blaze laugh out.

glory shines

may its radiance linger

and time

end.

the solemn months

as some day

we find

the heart

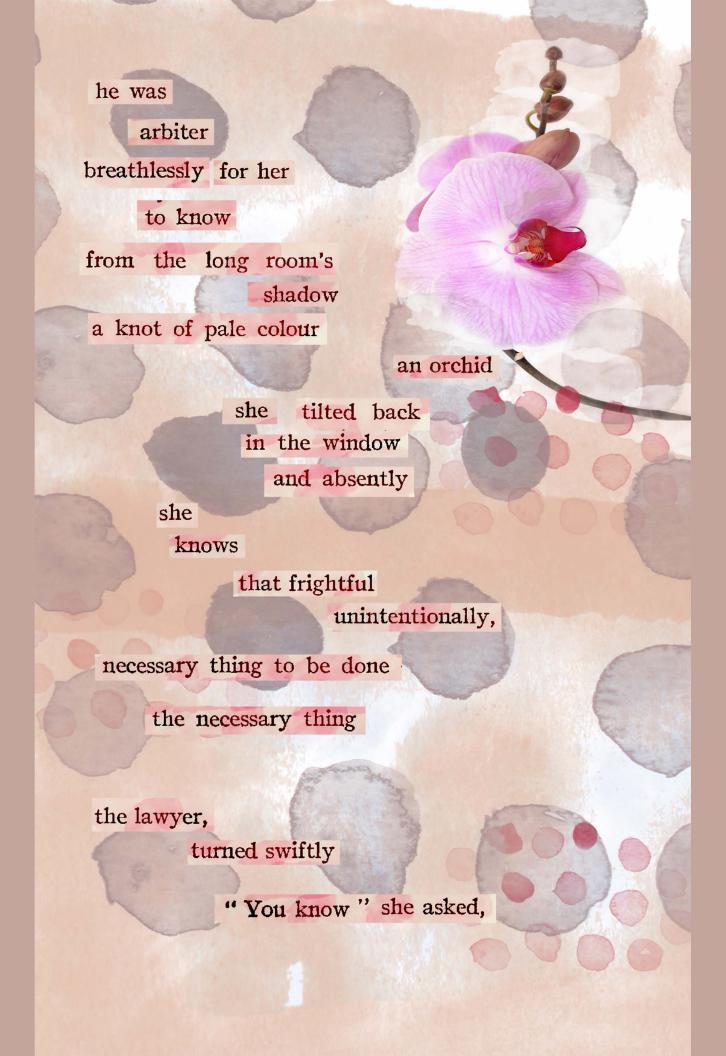
sad

wasted

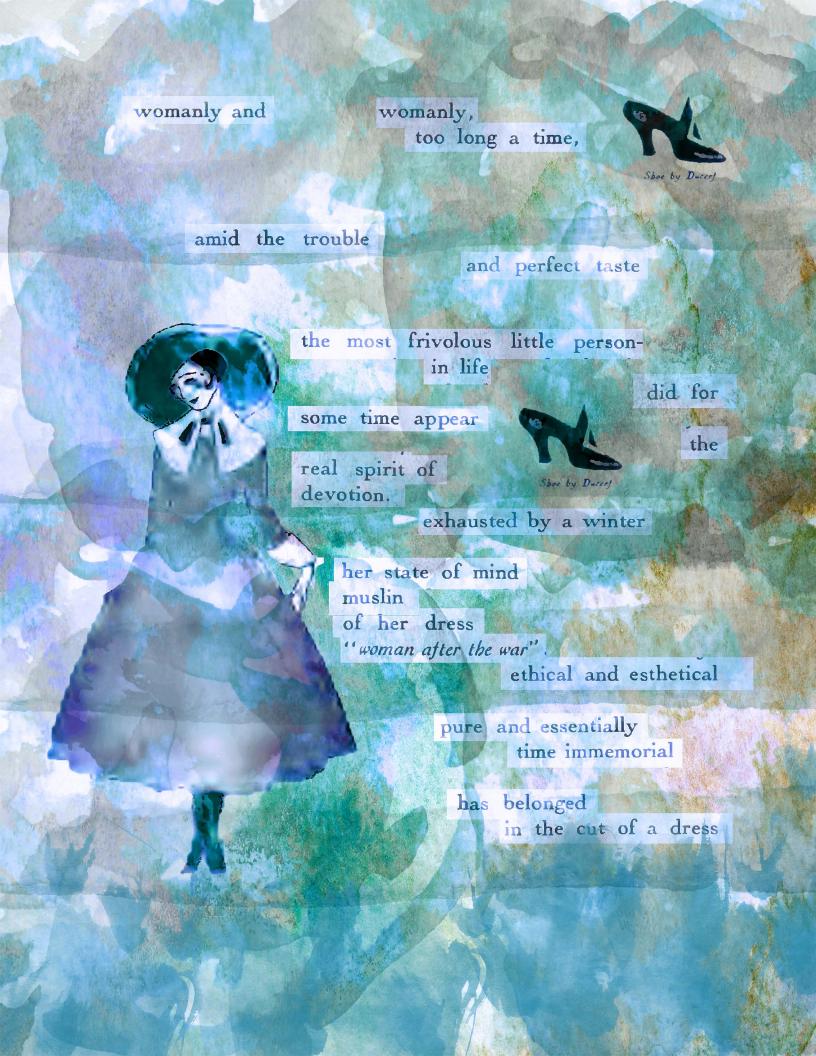
instead of

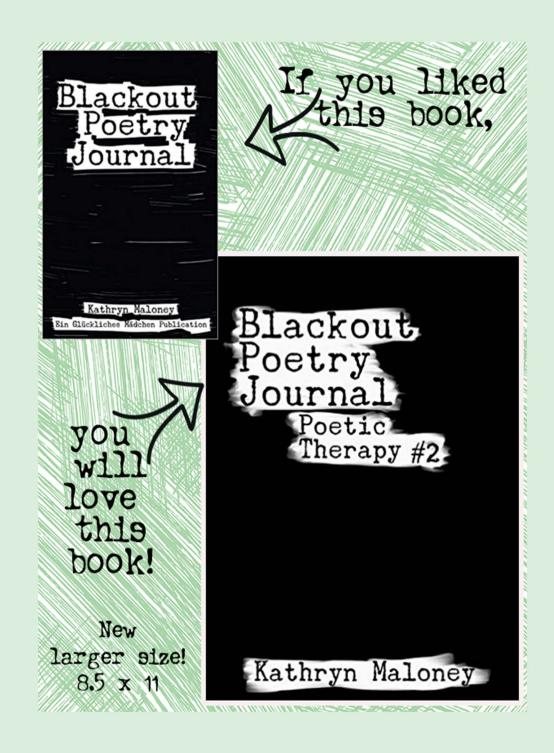
beautiful surprises

in the other life.

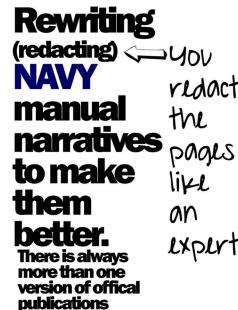






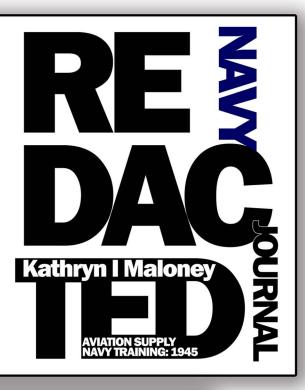


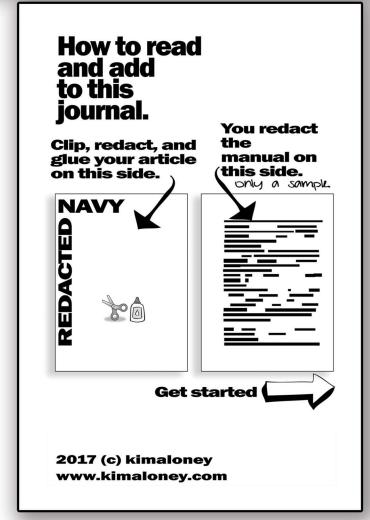
Available on Amazon.



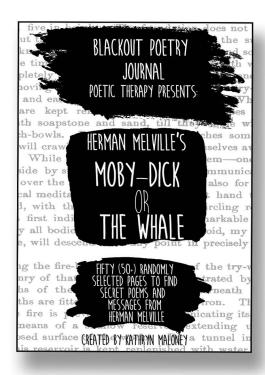
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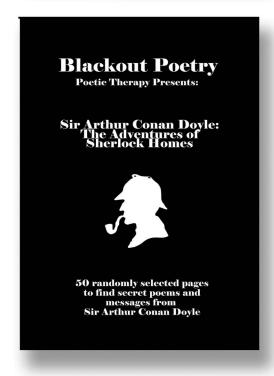
redact the an expert!

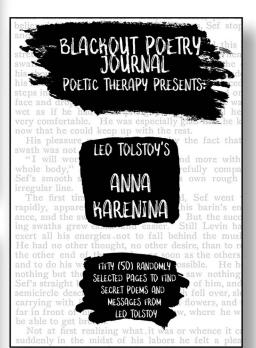




MORE BLACKOUT POETRY JOURNALS

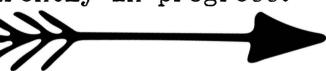






AVAILABLE ON AMAZON NOW

Bonus Page from Kathryn's next blackout poetry journals curently in progress.



She looked down at his thick, wavy, black hair. What a wreck of a bad man," she thought, almost regretfully. Yet he was young enough as far as years went. Not yet thirty. About ten years her senior. It was ridiculous at barely twenty to have lived through all her experiences. It seemed such an age since her mother had brought her to Paris, a shy little girl of twelve. Two years

later

"You might have kissed me," he sobbed. "If you had kissed me I would have understood. We are strangers to each other." She kept her temper admirably. "What babies men are!" she said gaily. She held up her face. "I am waiting." He bowed stiffly. "Not now. I am not yet a beggar." He flung himself down on a sofa by the window. A shaft of sunshine touched his face. Involuntarily Therzia noticed how pimpled and blotchy his skin looked. He was not properly shaved either. His eyes had a furtive, frightened look and his big, loose lips were suspiciously red. She passed her fingers over her own mouth. Did he use some pigment? Or was it only fever? No wonder the poor man did not sleep well at nights. And his bed-room was so luxurious! She turned round, pushed her chair forward, and looked

"I had nothing to bring, but a hungry man's excellent appetite." (He had eaten nothing all day.) From the adjoining saloon, through the murmur of general conversation, came the sound of a woman's light laughter. It rang like a bell, clear and joyous, evidently dominating the situation.

M.Bourrienne's guests were amusing themselves, Bonaparte felt himself an interloper. What had he to do with a pack of pleasure-seekers? He drew his brows together — moody, silent, miserable. Peter beckoned to the footman. "You are wanted In the dining-room," he said. "Here, take these parcels. Dish them and place them on the table. Scraps!" he muttered beneath

Ah, that was a gallant pageant, with red of the reddest and blue of the bluest, with glint of steel and flash of eye I and every man who saw it, forgot he had a birthday that same year. 1:3ut it was not the only one in 1658. November 9th, at

8 of the clock in the morning, the same gentlemen, scrupulously attired in "honour of the City and Company," attended punctually at the Artillery Garden, completely

armed and habited, but with feathers of black instead of red, and with forebodings no less sombre, - the leading-staff draped with cypress, the colors bound with dark ribbons, and ten drums and as many fifes covered with black baize; for His Highness, the Lord Protector, had passed

away, and a great city, full of anxiety, was to celebrate his obsequies. Well might the people talk low and look askance: the man of power had gone, and none could fill his place. What would befall now? Were the civil wars to break out again, and the next spring-flowers in the greensward to be dyed with crimson? Not a man could say; but beyond a doubt all felt amidst the gloom that courage, strength, and skill dwelt among them, and that whatever

should happen the city would not lack defenders, for the Society practising Arms in the Artillery Garden had now come to be spoken of as "The

Military Glory of the Nation."

water, and sweet spring men they were, helpmeets; and agone, the learned preaching under the and the good ship

Winthrop found Charlestown lacking in good moved across the river to the of Trimountaine. Sturdy and serious and women fit and willing to be their the settlement grew apace. Five years and pious John Cotton had given up his far-seen tower of St. Botolph's in old Lincolnshire, Griffin, a monster of 300 tons burthen, had landed him after a voyage of eight Weeks at a town presently to be named Boston like

Jt

was

the

first

Monday of

lune in the

year of Our

Lord, 16381 and

a certain town

in the

Massachusetts

felt very proud

of being almost

eight years

old. Settlers

had been

coming fast,

ever since Governor

the one he had quit.